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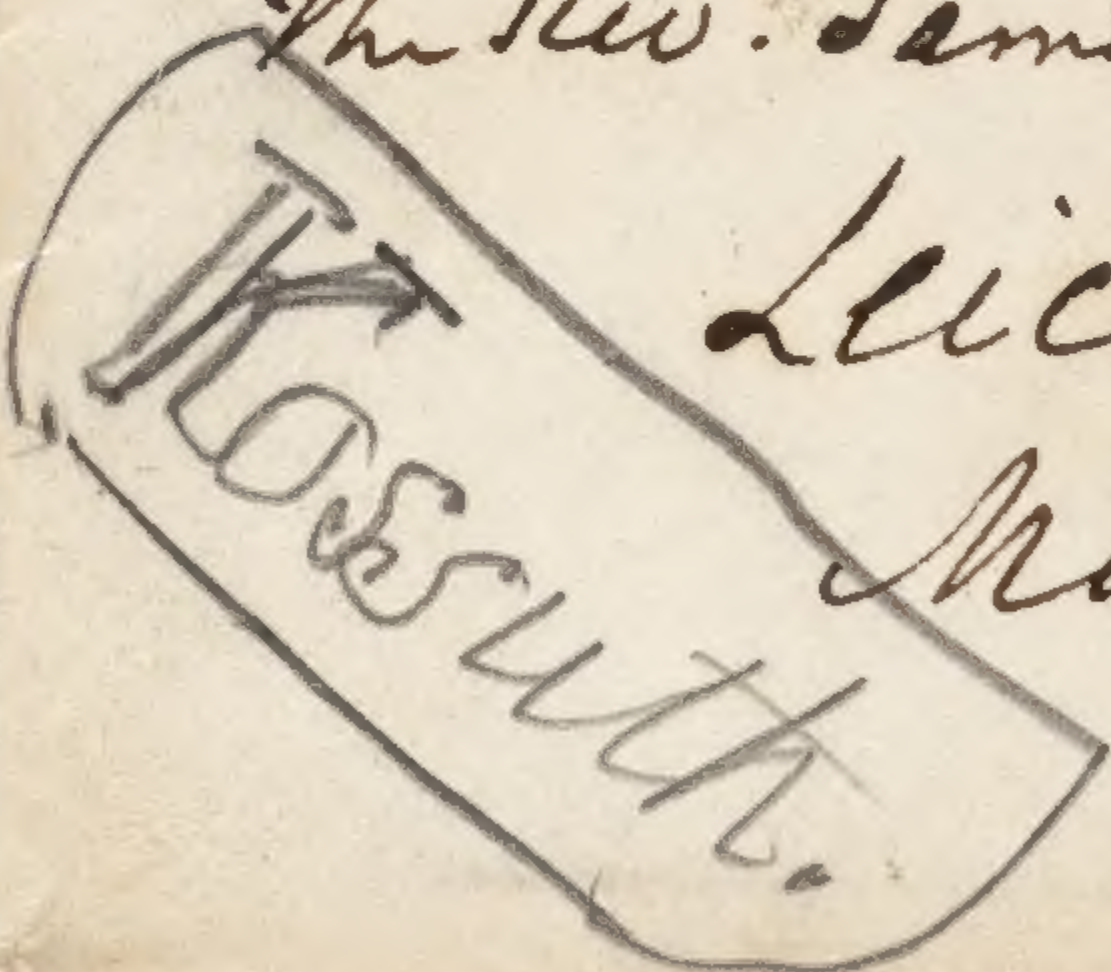
For

The Rev. Samuel May Junr

Leicester

Massachusetts

(United States).



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in that the giver of New York. Pierpont! — Did I ever tell
you of the Amende
verbale ad-
mitted by the
Prussian
Parkman sent
me by Dr Hall?
"I am sorry he had
written
as he had;
I begin
to grow
to be
Did I
as much
you?
A long letter
where you
came from
Bristol
young
but of
Amending
Rev. S. May
ever.

Appropos! — I begin this as dated above — all
knowing how soon or long it may be
before it is to be forwarded to its destination.
Time is making its ordinary inroads: removing
some; disabling others; and impairing those energies
which in their better vigour were sitting given to duties
which were always pleasures; — and the claims of
friendship which were always prized.
In this latter condition I find myself. For
active duties I am becoming less & less fit; and
then I have to struggle with my hereditary
tendency to Asthma — (at times not a little
troublesome) — even the effort of writing is a labour
from which I am willing to shrink.
But how often have I been longing to speak words
with you within the last eight weeks! And how
largely have our thoughts run together — though there ^{has} been
external interchange to tell of the sympathies which
linked, or the objects which engaged, them. You
have been mentally present with us — & we have
shared from our

many letters in Glasgow, all dated before Mr. May

own sorrows, many a painful recollection of yours
— at the bodily removal of one so estimable and
excellent in the sphere he filled among us, — but
in his relations with you as an American Philanthro-
pist, so deeply to be deplored, — and almost we might
say, so impossible to be replaced! —

For Mr Estlin personally I had, in common
with many others, a great esteem — partaking somewhat
indeed of reverence. But in a merely personal relation,
it may be that my Irish temperament would have rather
preferred a more demonstrative nature. Mr Estlin was
reserved. Not always even in his manner. Now warm,
sometimes cold, in his deportment. And, to speak of myself,
one sometimes was at a loss to know whether he was glad
to see you or not — or gave you any more than a very
ordinary place in his regard. Accordingly, as they say
"love begets love" — the absence of that sentiment would
be likely enough to follow the same rule — and forasmuch
as one did not feel to be particularly loved, shall I
say? — by him — therefore it was not easy to be animated
by that very peculiar feeling in regard to him. After all,
it was but that veil which the flesh ^{so often} places between minds
of kindred nature & natural constitution, want of
opportunity, evanescent & undefinable circumstance, —
these all more or less, & from time to time, interposing,
constituted that difficulty which removed from our
intercourse that charm which friendship so often confers,
though it does not always ensure.

Different it was with others compared with myself.

with some female friends - the family of Mrs Parkes for instance - his manner & spirit were delightful. They were at home with him. And he let himself out without reserve. With Mrs Chapman & her family - it was the same. With you in correspondence, with St. Webb of Dublin, & I lastly, with Parker Pillsbury - how genial, how warm, how loving, how generous!

It is curious but true - that you all enjoy him more than it was ever my privilege to do. And yet none more than I feel the blank he has left.

I tremble for our Bristol Anti-Slavery Committee &c. My health is not the best, - & my difficulty in walking about and doing much in person, from impaired respiration, - deprives me of the hope of giving any efficient aid. Mrs Armstrong has a choice short - & is up to the whole thing; but her home absences, and our comparative distance from Bristol, in our present charming abode on the Down, - put her hors de combat almost as much as myself.

All this grieves me; for I feel that the Cause even grows in importance - & occupies its proportionate space in my mind, - with every year I live.

I wish I could show you a correspondence I have had with Kossuth! On this subject, I was the first Englishman to convey him the impressions of a hatred of American Slavery - through the hands of that true man Mazzini on his first landing at Southampton. I never concealed from him my views. I shouted them to him at the Guildhall in London. I stated them in an Address & in conversation with him at his residence in London. And when he became my exertions to procure

him contributions & his Hungarian fund, while for the
sake of his Country I did what I could (for which he thanked
me very heartily) - I could not allow the opportunity to
pass without expression of regrets that we differed so
essentially as to the course it became one to take in dealing with
American Society. And so things remained; until the
appearance in the "Anti Slavery Advocate" of an extract from a
New York paper containing a letter from Kossuth to the
Editor (I think) - taking the right ground, and offering that
manly advice to the slaveholders, - the suppression of which
while he was in their presence, we might have forgiven & had
he not sinned so egregiously against all right principle & right feeling,
by positively flattery them, & modeling them as the most generous,
most heroic, of the human race: model men in short, - for all
the rest of the world !!! - Well, better late than never; & so I
thanked him from my heart, for the auspicious turn his mature
thoughts had taken, - rejoicing for him now, as I grieved for
him before. &c. &c. But to! - I did not enough
know my man. The result was - that he addressed to me a
letter of indignant displeasure at my criticism!!! - Affirming
that he ^{had} never changed, & never would, on the subject of Slavery,
which no word of his had ever palliated - & so on, &c. &c.
In fine, it was revealed to me that I had to do with a
man of finesse; a man of unbounded powers, - but of
very equivocal principle; & weighed in the balance with
Mazzini, lighter than vanity itself. Sic transit
Gloria! - I sick enough it made me. But a good
draught of Parker Pillsbury set me right again; - the
letter of that right-hearted man on the proceedings
of the Lancashire Meeting of Presbyterians in regard to
Gannet, being the last thing of his I have seen; -
including his comment on Wm. L. Channing's share
therein. What a curious revelation, by the bye.

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